

Lost and Found

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Summary: the sequel to Breakpoint. I hope you enjoy this. Please leave a comment!

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Chapter 1

designation: gwydion

location:hero valley

status: KIA

When I woke I was face down in the dirt. So much for that funeral. Though I suppose this is better than waking up in a coffin. Or worse, a incinerator. It took awhile to register what position my body was in. because as soon as I opened my eyes all I could see was darkness. This was because I was looking at a lot of dirt. There was a dull throb of pain in my body. Considering that I was just blown up. I took it as a blessing. Standing was the hard part. It took many tries to stand and I'll leave out most of the embarrassing falls and cryi...so I got up. Just kept going didn't cry at all. After getting up I tried to asses the damage done to me. Seemed to me to be a broken rib. Maybe two, heavy bruising. And multiple cuts. My helmet was largely intact.

I hated the fact that I had to use basic gear. When I first saw the standard spartan armor. I felt cheated. People who go on missions can modify their armor in the armory with in store credits they get. The choices were largely cosmetic. Though they do provide advantages over plain armor I wore. Even with that hatred I was quite happy with my armor right now. My helmet had suffered almost no damage. Though that couldn't be said for the rest of my suit. Most of the plating was ripped off. The combat gel layer had taken a lot of shock. Which

rendered it useless. There were multiple tears within my armor. Which revealed my burnt and torn skin. I looked away from it. Trying to focus on moving forward. It turned out I wasn't in the valley. I was in a small side cave. Or more like a crater carved into the side of the rock formed by the blast.

It made decent shelter but with no food or water I wouldn't last very long. Mmm food, the thought of it was almost enough to bring me to my knees. I was starving to say the least. I tried to push the thought of medium rare steaks out of my mind. Every spartan had a enough food in their pack to last a week. Only if I knew where my pack was. It had to be at the line. Where I had left it. Rarely did troops grab dead mans gear. Mainly out of respect. Also because cases like mine aren't out of the ordinary. Many times have troops been thought dead and were rescued because their pack was left behind.

I stumble toward the mouth of the cave. And stepped into the bright light of day. The silence is what hit me first. After fighting a pitched battle here it was weird to see the after affect it had. All the dead were cleaned up. The field would have been green and full of flowers. The sad truth is that battle kills more than just the troops. The grass was dead. Most of it scorched by plasma and fire. Rocks were blackened by explosions. Ash had settled in. covering everything in a layer a thin Grey. I walked to what use to be the remnants of our line. It seemed to be largely intact except for a few spots. When I clambered over the rocks I was greeted by multiple packs lying deserted in a pile. It seemed that a lot of men were missing. I knew only too well that they would never come back to claim these supplies.

I stumbled over to the pile and took the first pack I could get my hands on. I took a moment to tear the tag off it. Then stuffed it into my ammo pouch. After that I tore into the pack and grabbed a MRE plus a canteen. I pried my helmet off and drank heavily from the canteen. The water was metallic tasting but it was the greatest feeling to have it run down my dry, ash coated throat. I had to stop myself from drinking the whole thing. I popped the lid on the MRE and started to tear into the food. This thing wasn't known for taste but at that moment it was the best thing I had ever eaten. After that I popped a recaff stim and snacked on the packet of fruit gummies. I had poured some instant coffee powder into a thermo cup that was in the MRE pack. I ignited the cup and poured water into it. I waited a bit then turned off the heat. I sipped my hot drink and offered a pray of thanks to whatever god invented coffee.

Between the coffee and the stim I was starting to focus clearly again.. I had to find a way back. There would be beacons inside the packs firing a bunch of them at once would attract attention but what kind I wasn't. After some more debate I decided it was best that I do it anyway. I wasn't getting anywhere sitting here. I got up and started to take the beacons from the bags. These were deep space beacons. When activated they would send a signal into space. Kinda like a huge 'over here' sign. They also came equipped with flares. So when I fire these off anything in the immediate area would know that I'm here after some more contemplation I decided that this would either save me or make me die a lot faster.

You know which ever came first.

designation: gwydion

location: hero valley

status: KIA

when the flares died down I realized that I had a lot of time to kill. It was fairly earlier in the morning. I had just woken up so I couldn't exactly just fall back asleep. I had to do something to pass the time. As much as I like to say that something cool happened that first day nothing really did happen I just sat around and wished rescue would come faster. I took stock of my supplies. Which were plenty in terms of food and water. For weapons all I could scrounge was a pistol. Seems the gear rule didn't apply to guns. Though there were plenty of ammo in the pile of packs. Soon my ammo pouch started to fill with tags. I decided to take the first pack that had taken food out of. Then stuffed the rest of the tags in there. After wards I kept special tabs on the pack with the tags in them.

I started to haul the packs into the cave. Which normally is a easy task. With all my injuries though it was hard going. After making a couple of trips I decided it was break time. That was when I heard the growling...

at first I dismissed it. Thinking that no creature would live in this ash covered valley. It was hard to dismiss it when it grew very loud and close. It was then that I jumped up shouting very loudly trying to force what ever was behind me to go away. It was times like this that I wished I had the shouting capacity of rowler. The loudest sergeant known to man and quite possible alien. I sadly do not posses the shouting power of rowler. And had to settle for something that sounded more like a fox yelping. Standing behind was a completely deadly creature. It was 400 hundred pounds of hate and death. It was what you would call a liger. What? You don't have those on your planet? Let me fill you in,. it is a close relative of the tiger. When men started to span the stars and discovering new animals. We decided we wanted to play god and see what happens when we breed this with that. On this planet it was a tiger with some weird species. It was unknown what to call them but it was some type of big cat.

This "cat", which is a far to playful name, is very deadly in its own right. Don't expect any description. For I never saw what ever this creature is. I only now that its scientific name starts with a l. thus the deadly creature that was about to tear my guts out was created. It looks largely like a tiger. Though they tend to have a coat that is deep crimson. Their claws are also longer and sharper. That goes double for their teeth.

They also tend to be more aggressive. And this guy wasn't looking very different. He stalked towards me with hungry intent in his eyes. I ,like a idiot, had left my pistol in the cave. I had to do something or become kitty chow. The last part didn't sound appealing. We stood for a second. Just staring at each other. Wondering who would move first. It was the liger. He jumped straight at me. If I were a normal man. He would of got me right there and then. Lucky for me I was a spartan. My fist shot up in a flash. Bashing the creature in the face . Shocked from the fact dinner was fighting back. He stumbled and bounced over the terrain. Obviously trying to regain his composure. I jumped on the opportunity this presented, literally , I

jumped on the ligers back.

This was either the stupidest or bravest thing I had ever done. Probably the first one. The adrenaline rush of jumping on his back was so great that I forgot all about the pain in my body. All there was then was me and this beast. Wrestling to get control over the other. The liger kept rolling, trying to knock me off. I held on hard. Attempting to get my hands around his neck and choke him out. If you saw us you would of seen a tangled mess of flailing limb, fur, claws, and teeth. There was many moments when I thought that I was going to be crushed or killed by its gaping maw. Then the pain started to come back. It wasn't long before it became unbearable. All the cuts I had suffered seemed to be opening again. The bruises that I had began to flare up in a whole new meaning of pain. My ribs burned with a great intensity.

All this plus a huge death cat that wanted me dead more than anything in the world just added to the awesomeness of this situation. I was just about to give up when I saw that in our tumble I had come close to the cave. I knew for a fact that in the back of the cave was a huge crack that I could fit in if I turned on my side. But the liger wouldn't fit even if he lost eighty pounds. It was a desperate gamble. I would have to wait for the liger to roll over then let go of him. Which isn't a very good idea. Then sprint all the way to the crack. This was risky but at that moment it was all I could think of. In a few seconds the cat rolled over. I braced myself to jump. It took every gram of power I had left to jump off his back. I was running before I even landed.

The sprint to the crack was all of ten seconds. At the speed I was going at least. I knew at this point the liger would be on my my trail. I didn't risk looking back. I ran straight forward. Towards the shelter of my cave. I could of swore I felt the heat pf the ligers breath on my neck. Then it was over. I put on one last burst of speed and landed into the crack. For one terrible second. I became wedged in the rock. I more felt than heard the roar that filled the cave as the beast bounded to his now stuck prey. Then I was through.

I had made it by a hair. As soon as I slid in I heard the claws raking the other side of the rock. It was only when the sound stop did I let out a breath that I was holding. Somehow I had made it.

Chapter 3

Designation: general Renson

location: office on planet earth

status: reading report bought in by Jr officer hector

The amount of beacons shot off. Proved that someone was on the planet. They wanted to be picked up...badly. Over ten signals were launched into space. This meant that who ever was left on the planet eldritch. Had become very tired of it. Renson tried to think about who could of survived and have been left behind. Renson would be lying if he didn't already have a suspicion of who it was. If gwydion did somehow survive. Then he could have found the packs left by troopers. He could of set them off. This was, of course, a dim hope

that he had survived. There was a chance that this was another trooper who survived there were chances the it was a wild animal that had tore into the packs. Smelling the MRE inside them. This was far more likely than gwydion surviving the explosion. Renson tried to think of something else but the thought of possible saving this soldier kept crawling back no matter what he tried to focus on. It would be a simple matter to order the nearest unit to move in and grab him. Though the nearest unit was on another planet. They would be there in a manner of days. Could he hang on that long was the real question. Renson wasn't sure if he should send the order it would be drastic. Mainly because he is splinting his platoon in half to make a rescue that could possible be nothing.

The command didn't even know this soldier. Risk a planet for one man. Luckily command doesn't know rensen well either. In a single fluid motion he picked up a phone. Gave simple clear orders. Then set the phone down. In a matter of minutes his command would go down the line. From officer to captain to sergeant Who would shout orders at his troopers to load up on a small ship that would carry them to eldritch. Then they would see who set off ten beacons.

Only if it was just the soldiers who heard the distress signal. Only if the covenant forces had not found the distress signals. Only if they were not mobilizing to find and kill the enemy survivors. Only if this was a game of only ifs.

Chapter 4

Designation: gwydion

location:hero valley

status: MIA

the last few days were boring at best. A certain chill had filled the air. Freezing me into a ice cube. Today the cold was as relentless as ever. I had to wear the combat outfit of marines. It was woefully under powered. But it was warmer and better than the armor I ditched for it. My old helmet ,however, still hung from a clip on my belt. I did not use it mainly because it did not hook up with the neural hub on the helmet. I glanced into the valley. Cuddle the death cat was still prowling around. We had come to some sort of agreement. He stayed down there I would stay up here. Now that I had my pistol he learned to stay away. I could probably kill him from here. Simply put maybe four or three bullets in his head and he wouldn't be a problem anymore. Even so I couldn't bring myself to kill him. He wasn't hurting anyone by being down there.

Plus he kept some deadly creatures away. He didn't seem as interested in eating me as he used to be. maybe he respected me for getting away or something. That still didn't stop me from sleeping in the crack. I chewed on a piece of dried fruit. I also had some coffee made in the thermo cup. The smell itself was enough to wake me up from the nap I just took. There wasn't much to do but watch cuddle prowl around. Yes I named him cuddle. Any problems with that? I sipped my cup of coffee. There wasn't much to do but enjoy the warm air. This planet seem to have rapid changes in the weather.

Cuddle was staring at me with a interesting look on his face. By interesting I mean not completely wanting to eat my face off type of

look. So you know that was something new. I looked around me trying to see if there was something that he could be looking at. No, he was watching me in particular. A giant killer beast staring at you was a unsettling thought, to say the least. I know what I am about to do sounds crazy but you got to understand that had been alone for a couple of days now. There was nothing to do but sleep and be bored. I got up from where I was. Bent down and picked up my cup of coffee. Then went to the liger.

I don't know what I was thinking. Maybe he could give me some company was probably the first thing on my mind. Though this would probably end very badly was the second thing. As I approached the liger seemed to be completely puzzled by this. Usually the food tried to stay away from him. I kept walking towards him. Not quite sure what I was going to do when I got there. Then I got closer now I was in jumping distance but the liger did not jump. It stared at what was in my hand. The cup of coffee. I looked at him then to my cup. And smiled. I had always had a penchant for coffee. If you were to ask my mother she would say that I was drinking coffee out of the bottle. It was nice to see that I wasn't the only one that had a addiction to it.

I held up a hand that meant to wait a moment. The liger looked at it suspiciously. But did not move. I walked to the packs. Keeping the beast in my sight. I reached down and picked up a tin can that once contained beans. I poured some coffee into it. Then brought the cup to cuddles. As I approached the liger looked apprehensive about my approach. When he smelled the cup of coffee in my hand he stopped. Let me explain out of character what is happening here. You see, the liger rarely smells anything as delicious as coffee. Only once in his life did he smell it before meeting our hero. He sneaked into the camp where some "two leggers" had brewed up a pot. These people were likely pirates or smugglers. Or favorite cat found a pot of fresh brew. He stole it loving the smell. Then lapped it up. The taste to him was amazing. To you it may be bitter but to a beast with fewer taste buds. It takes on a totally new taste. One which the liger was in love with. Now the humans were gone but he never forgot that taste and smell.

Now he had met a human who could fight and had the delicious brew he loved so much. As for gwydion, well, he has been alone for awhile. And is slightly out of his mind on recaff stims and stress now back to the book. I placed the can of coffee down in front of cuddles. Then backed off nodding to the drink. The liger walked up to the can and gave it a test lick. Then started to slurp it down. I smiled at this and sat next to him. It seemed as if all the tension between us had erased. I reached out and scratched him behind the ear. This pulled a purr from him. "cat we are going to get along nicely." I said. The liger seemed to understand this and purred as if in response. We sat there for a second both enjoying our coffee.

Chapter 5

Designation: gwydion

location: hero valley

status: teams being dispatched to rescue. Covenant forces have been active around the sight as well.

Mission status: mission parameters: find and rescue spartan.
Operation name: lost and found

Me and cuddles became good friends after the coffee. He was lapping up coffee from a pot when I passed him. The friendship was pretty strong. At least I like to think so. He hadn't tried to eat me so I took that as a sign that he liked me. I kept wondering if the rescue was coming. I had no way to contact the fleet. I had a SDR short distance radio. Which was placed inside the helmet I wore. It couldn't reach out to space though. There were ways to boost the signal. I had used all these tricks. None of them got me close to orbit communication. I had to simply wait and hope that they come soon. Food was getting low while there was enough MRE to hold for a minute. They were getting low. Water wasn't a problem though. Since there was a small stream at the layer in the valley. But food is a concern. It seems that cuddles could forage his own food. I thought about hunting. It is an option though I wouldn't be good at it. If it came down to it though I knew how to gut and skin an animal. It was pretty much required in training. Not that they taught you. They just didn't feed you much. So you had to get your own food one way or another.

I walked to the mouth of the cave. Hoping to see a glint of light in the sky. It was a small hope. Even if there was one it wasn't one of the UNSC. But lo and behold, in the sky was a small light. It wasn't a star for it was midday. Besides I have seen many ships enter an atmosphere. They had a certain look to it. As if it was moving, which it probably is. I was excited which seemed to rub off onto cuddles. Who got up to join me. We stared at the light together for a second. I felt a twang of guilt run through me. Cuddles would have to stay here. They wouldn't let me take him all the way into a ship. Plus I don't think he would like that much.

Being cooped up in a space ship. I know I wouldn't if I was a liger. I smiled down at him. At least he would be free again. Plus I wasn't exactly trading him up for a life of luxury. Either way going home was a prospect that I looked forward to. Then something sounded off that made my blood chill. It was the unmistakable sound of a brute war call. The bellowing was close, very close. They must have picked up my smell. I only had a pistol. Which compared to a brute, was horrible underpowered.

I had to set some sort of trap for them. It was impossible to face them in open combat with only a pistol. If you don't know what a brute is I'll fill you in. They were originally only used in kill teams for the covenant but after the elites had a falling out with them they came to power. Ferocious and strong, they believe might makes right. Though that won't stop them from using their crude weapons. Like a spiker, a wicked weapon that spits out large metallic spikes, and a brute shot. A grenade launcher that holds five grenades in one clip and a long blade on the end. Brutes resembled large hairy apes. They had elongated jaws that looked a lot like a snout of a dog. Minus the cute whiskers. They also walked on two legs but when enraged would sometimes drop down to all fours. Just to get to grips with their enemy faster. This was another thing. A brute tended to get very angry in the heat of combat. They would rush your defending line and do their best to rip you apart with their formidable strength.

Now that elites have rejoined with the covies. Brutes became near

extinct. The elites hunted them down till there was only a handful left. Then let them be to breed their numbers back. So they went back to basically being attack dogs. Kept under a oppressive heel and made angry and hungry. Then let out to fight the enemy. Now imagine that coming after you in a pack. That was what I was going to have to deal with soon. The brutes have a notorious sense of smell. Many marines had thought themselves safe. Only to be sniffed out by a brute. All I needed was to get my hands on a better weapon somehow. If I could grab a brute shot, or a spiker. Then my chance would go up. Brutes didn't wear much armor. Since it slow them down. Only chieftains and veterans wore armor. Though I'm sure more would if the covenant cared about how many brutes they would lose. To them these are just unruly beast.

Enough talk time to do something. I had to make a trap. Kill one of them and get his weapon. And if I take more than one with my trap then it will be even better. You know what they say, the more the merrier. What could I use for a trap though. Hmm it was a good question. I looked around the cave. A pile of used MRE bags here. A couple of grenades there. Then a plan came to mind, not a great one, but a plan non the less.

The brutes circled the empty MRE bags. They had the scent of human and food. Both things that brutes love to eat. They surrounded the bags. Looking for any sign of a human. There was none. Or at least that's what they thought. If they were a little smarter they would been able to see the tiny wire that lead all the way to a nearby cave. Where the very human they were looking for squatted down in the dirt. That human was me of course. And with a slight pull on the string. The group of brutes found that their prey would not so easily be caught. Blooms of red and yellow went up into the sky. The brutes that weren't killed out right were thrown to the ground. Grasping for air as it was knocked out of them. I sprinted out of the cave. Running full force toward the now decimated group. I knew that the blast wouldn't kill all of them out right so I had to get my hands on one of their weapons before they got back up. The world passed in a blur as I rushed forward. Hoping that the brutes would not rise till I got y weapon. Lady luck held out for me this time. For as I reached the sight not one brute rose. I reached down and grab a spiker. A crude looking gun with two curved blades on the end of it. As soon as I looked up my celebration for acquiring the weapon was ended. One of the brutes had gotten up. And he looked mad. He had lost his weapon in the explosion. That didn't stop from running full force at me in a attempt to kill me.

Only my superhuman speed kept me alive. I ducked the blow. Crouching right under the monster. Then with all my strength, I rammed the blades of the spiker into his gut. Brutes did not die so easily. But that did hurt him. What killed him was when I pulled the trigger of the weapon. Three or four sharp, hot, and deadly spikes went into his gut. Blood washed out and over the ground. For some reason I felt slow. It was the fact that I was missing my spartan armor. Which speeds up the reflexes an muscle strength. This was no time to wish that I still had what isn't there any more. For more brutes started to rise. It was not looking good for my longevity of life. Then in a flash of crimson fur and claws cuddles had come to my rescue. Before the brute that had been attacked knew it he was to the ground. Cuddles closed his maw around his throat. And with one swift motion ended the brutes life.

Cuddles moved again almost too fast for my eyes to follow. Killing brutes as he went. In less than five seconds. All the brutes that were left standing had been killed. I shuddered to think that a few days ago that was almost me. Cuddles looked at me with big eyes. As if waiting for a reward. I smiled and went to the cave. Then poured a big cup of coffee from the pot and laid it on the ground for cuddles. He lapped it up with gusto. I went out and started to pick up ammo from the dead brutes. And hoped my rescue would come soon. Because right now a transmitter that is implanted in the kill squads leader's brain would be going off. I knew this for a fact. That right now there were squads of covenant moving to my position. All eager to get a taste of my blood.

The light of the early morning sun was starting to shine. It was indeed a beautiful morning. At least it would have been. If not for the covenant dropships coming right for me. Already two of them laid smoking on the ground. A achievement I was able to pull off by firing a fuel rod cannon that I had obtained from an elite. The gun was spent now and I had to face the oncoming covenant. With nothing more than the weapons that I had gained from the first ship that dropped a load of covies on me. I would guess that I had been engaged for about thirty minutes now. It first started when a lone covenant ship unloaded its deadly cargo. It took a minute to mop them up with the spiker that I had obtained from the brute.

Afterward I scrounged what I could. Including a fuel rod cannon. After blowing two more ships out of the sky you think they get the message. But noooo, They have to send more. When the ships started to dot the sky like stars. I knew I was in trouble. So I used what little time I had to fortify my cave. There were some deployable covers that I was able to dig out of the crashed ships. This made for a decent cover. It also would keep the covenant from you know. bashing me in the face. Watching the drop ships approach gave me a chill that the cold had no part of. I had maybe thirty seconds before they land and attempt to kill me. I sipped my cup of instant coffee. I decided that if I was going to die might as well have a nice last drink. There was a chance that one of the ships up there was UNSC. With this many covenant though, that chance seemed very small.

I knew I was going to make them pay dearly for my life. I had more shots in my fuel rod cannon. I grabbed them from the destroyed ships. I wanted to save them for ground armor though. If I lived past the first assault. It did seem unfair to have lived through a blast like the one from the generator and then die. But that's life I suppose. I set the cup of coffee. The ships had started to drop troops. Time for me to get to work.

It seemed as if the whole covenant fleet was after me. I had the element of surprise though. Which worked out well. I tossed multiple frags into the heart of the group which had touched down. I was rewarded with blossoms of red and orange. Which in turn tinted the ground purple and blue with covenant blood. I let loose with the storm rifle next. Moping up what was left of their numbers. More rushed forward to fill in the spots where dead fell. Soon I was ducking plasma fire that landed right where my head was just a second ago.

They kept pouring in and I kept firing. Using my shelter to its fullest. Every now and then a flash of crimson would appear. Where ever it did the line falter for a few seconds. As cuddles tore

through the covenant armada with ferocious fury. It seemed as if the covies couldn't even see him much less hit him. Soon enough the ground was watered with alien blood. This went on for what seemed like hours on end. I was not worried about ammo. There was plenty to choose from the field. I just had to dart real quick and grab one. More ships came, more aliens died under my onslaught. I won't lie. For a moment I felt invincible.

Striking down covie after covie. I raised the storm rifle and took aim at the line of covies. I fired on them. They fell under the barrage quickly. Grunts went down without a sound. Jackals fell over, their guns still firing as if they didn't know they were dead. Elites took longer to kill but they fell to the barrage none the less. After taking out two line of covenant. The gun ran dry. I dropped and picked up a new one in the span of three seconds. It was enough time for the covenant to form a semblance of order.

They tried to organize back to what cover they can find. But when a huge liger is tearing your team mates apart and a soldier blasting line of your buddies up. It was hard to focus. More came though. They never let up. Sometimes cuddles would tear them up as soon as they hit the ground. The aliens didn't even seem to notice. Cause guess what? More ships were inbound. This time I shouldered the cannon and blasted one out of the sky. The effect was better than I thought. The weird blue fire of the covenant machines lit up the sky. The ship dropped right on the heads of a squad of invaders. I noted the last part with a bit of satisfaction. Not gonna lie though. I was getting very tired. My old wounds seemed to be flaring up again. My finger ached from holding down the trigger.

The covenant were gaining ground. I cursed and let loose two more grenades. They blew three whole squads into hell. That didn't even seem to slow them down. The covenant seemed to have gained momentum now. They seem to be rising from the ground now. Plasma was dripping from the rocks. One of the covers I put up turned red then flickered dead. Then another followed in its steps. I started to retreat to the back of the cave. Plasma fire filled the front of the cave like rain. I never stopped firing not for a second. The last of my shielding died away. The covies could get in now. There was a second of silence all plasma fire stopped. I stopped even cuddles had sopped. As we all looked at the now gaping hole in my defense. Then like a flood covenant rushed in to fill it. I tossed the last of my grenades. Fire filled the hole where the covies filed in. it only stop them a second.

More came all thirsting for my blood. I fell back even more. Till my back touched the crack that I slept in. I jumped in it trying to get what cover I could. Grunts flooded trying to kill me. I fired on them killing a few before the rest ran from the crevice. Now I knew I was screwed. There was no way out from here. It was going to be fight to the bitter end.

Chapter 6

Designation: gwydion

location: hero valley

status beginning evac. Multiple covenant found. Authorizing use of MAC round. Begin

mission name: lost and found

Have you ever been near a MAC round when it goes off? It a very loud sound. MAC stands for magnetic accelerated round. Pretty much a huge bullet on steroids. One just went off outside my cave. I had to fend the covies off by aiming at the crack and shouting. "First to come in here getting a bullet between the eyes" that seemed to work well. For the covies backed off a little. Then the sound of thunder rolled into the cave. Followed by a explosion that would make Chuck Norris blush. The sound was akin to being in a cannon when it was shot. While loaded with a bunch of TNT. At once the covenant left the cave to see what was happening. That when MAC round two hit. Wiping out more of them. I stepped out of the cave. The valley was now smoking ruins. The floor was replaced by two huge smoking craters. All the grass in the area seemed to have burned away. Leaving bare rock. A few scattered covies meandered around.

They seemed unaware of me. I think they were overloaded by the shock of the mac rounds. All around burning wreckage fell from the sky. Some of it landed in the valley. But most of it burned in the atmosphere. I looked up and saw ships coming down. This time they were part of the UNSC. I was never happier to see them. Then a shot rang out.

It was to late to do anything. I was so distracted that I did not notice the elite a few feet away. Who raised his gun to shoot me in the head. I wished I was faster. I wished I had noticed him. But like I said. Only if this was a game of wishes. The searing bolt of plasma streaked toward me. And splashed on a wall of crimson. That very wall charged and killed the elite but not before he fired on the liger again. The liger forced the elite down and ripped its throat out. Then fell over to. It did not rise.

I cried out when I saw him go down. I ran to his side and crouched next to him. He was alive but barely. I knew he wasn't going to be that way for long. Tears started to streak down my face. _It wasn't fair! Of all the things to die on the planet it had to be you! Why did you do that you dumb bastard?! _This and more crossed my mind as the liger life drained away I stood up and ran to the cave. My plan wasn't clear but I wanted to give him something before he died. I poured a hasty cup of instant coffee. In the tin that he first drank out of. Then rushed out.

I sat in front of him and placed the tin close to his head. I helped him take a few sips of coffee. Then let him rest his head in my lap as life left his body. "you need a better name." I stated plainly as I sat there. " how about...felix" it felt right felix had been a very good friend of mine. He joined the army and was reported KIA only three later. Felix grunted his consent before finally dying. I laid his head by the tin of coffee. Which still had some in it. I left it there. And walked to the ships that were touching down. I knew this was the end of this place I would never come back here. Rowler stepped out of the ship. He looked me over. "looks like you been to hell, punched evil, fought his army and came back." I heard all this even over the roar of the engine. "Yea get me out of here." I replied dryly.

Before I could walk into the ship rowler stuck his arm out. "you know how I don't have any friends or like anyone?" He asked me. I smiled,

"i didn't even know friend and like were in your vocabulary." I replied back. He smiled at that. "Well how about you be friend number one." I took his hand in a firm grip. Then continued in the ship. It wasn't long before I feel asleep on the ship. Having pleasant dreams of playing as a kid at my house, with a red kitty.

End
file.